

(99)  
(1)S. 1700  
G. 1809

His Grace the Duke of *Schomberg's* Character, according to the Ignorant Notions that the *Irish* Papists in Ireland, have form'd of Him, together with some Old Prophecies, foretelling the Conquest of that Kingdom, by the Protestant Army, under his Grace's Command.

LICENSED, and Enter'd according to Order.

**T**he Antients never Design'd their Heroes for any great Work, but they endow'd him with Parts and Qualities proportionable to the attaining the end. Thus *Hercules* had strength to support the Pillars, and Courage to subdue the *Nubian Lion*. *Jupiter* slew a Serpent in the Cradle, and his Son *Mars* (Destin'd for no less than the God of War) lay Twenty Two Months in his Father's Thigh, before he was born, when less than Nine Months, sometimes, would serve for the Production of Inferiour Gods and Goddesses.

Nor has this been the Theory of former Times, but the Practice of all Ages ever since; as the Knights in our Legends, who must be always supposed to overcome the Gyant: This is most Fatal to the Credulous *Irish*, who are apter to believe Tradition than Truth, and the meanest Priest, before the boasted Founder of their Church.

What Monsters have the *Irish* Historians made their *Heber*, and their *Here-mon*, the first Conquerors of Ireland; no less Prodigious than the Tales of *Bryan Boro*, and *Fin Mac. Hengle*; of whom a Learned Bard thus Elegantly Sings.

Who never did his \* *Garran ride*,  
But in the Compass of his *Bride*.  
Whole \* *Rocks and Mountains* he environs,  
And Valleys were his *Sitrup-Irons*.

\* *Horse*:  
A great Rock in the County of *Gallway*, near *Loughreagh*; in the form of a Pillar, called *Fin Mac. Hengle*.

The Character of this great General, his Grace the Duke of *Schomberg*, (according to the Notions they have form'd of him in *Ireland*) yet no less Prodigious, and goes down as current, as the Legend of *Ossullivan*. Whether begot out of Terror, or industriously given out by the Priests, to persuade the People to a voluntary Submission, I know not; but it is as certainly believed, as it is reported, that he is in Stature Sixteen Foot High, with all parts proportionable. The form of a Shoe was made, and presented to the Army, that they might guess at the rest, *ex pede Herculis*. He is like *Achilles*, invulnerable; can stride over his Army like a *Rhodian Colossus*, and guard them from the Enemies shot. His Mustaches are like two Barbers-poles. His Beard White, and broad as the main Sail of a First-Rate-Ship; if it Rains, he can command his Army into close Order, and cover them with his Beard, as *Garragantua* did with his Tongue.

To



To make him Immortal, as he is Invulnerable, he is Reported to be three hundred years old, the age of *Nestor*; has Pistols will do Execution six miles off; which keeps the Enemy at such a distance, that they dare not come within sixteen miles of his Camp: He can, like the *Lydian* Monster, stretch forth his Head, and snatch away the Horse and Man out of the third Rank. When the Soldiers bring in a Booty of Cattle, they Report, he will take a Brace of Bullocks, toss them like two Oranges upon the palm of his Hands, and tell you within halfa stone the weight of either. There are other things as Foolish as Fabulous, which they give out, and believe of this famous Warriour, to whom their fears have already assign'd the Conquest of that Kingdom.

To confirm this, There are Prophecies dispersed, which were writ in the Original Language, a Thousand years ago.

The first was found in the Foundation of an old Chappel, in digging up the Trenches before *Droghedah*: it was carefully laid up in an old Iron Pot; the *Rolls* of Parchment, in which was with the Prophecies, inclosed in an old Steel Snuff-Box. Thus translated.

* Kirk.	In Eighty Nine, when Teague's run down,
Talbot, Tyrconel.	A * Church is fixt in Dublin-Town.
* Schomberg,	The    Dog shall fly before the * Boar,
H. Ja.	The    Lyon hide himself for fear,

As if this were enough to confirm their Jealousie, the Priest he lends his helping hand, and gives them a Cast of his Office; digging in an old Vault in *St. Mary's Abby* in *Oxmon-Town, Dublin*, to bury a great Officer that was killed in the Camp: In an Earthen Pot (as carefully laid up as the other) they found or made this Prophecie. In *English* thus,

2 Shamrogshire.	Not Schomberg, Shamrog more in fame,
Schomberg-shire.	Shall long to * Ireland give a name;
	In Sixteen-Hundred-Eighty-Nine,
	Shamrog to Schomberg shall Religne,
	And from his Conquests, in that year,
	Shall thence be Christned Schomberg-Shire.

Thus they make him their *Irish-Scanderbeg*, and not only frighten their Children, but their Armies with his name.

May their fears prove effectual; Their Prophecies come to pass, and Speedy Conquest crown this Invincible Hero with Success.

Edinburgh, Re-printed in the Year, 1682.

off Duho Lemboy  
1682



